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warm in effect, much more so than the companion piece which hangs near, Boulanger's well-known "Pleasant Hours in the House of Lucullus."

There are two Bouguereaus, "A Friend in Need" and "Normandy Peasant Girls at Prayer." Americans are said to be very fond of Bouguereau. In a "A Friend in Need" we have the usual serious, big-eyed girls. Overtaken by a storm, the eldest sister has pulled the skirt of her gown over their heads to shelter them from the rain. The "Normandy Peasant Girls at Prayer" is altogether different in style. Mr. Robert Koehler, the Director of the Minneapolis Art School, says that it stands alone among the works of Bouguereau in this country. He considers it more like an "old master" than a modern painting. The tone is very soft and rich, and the light effects are beautiful.

CLARA M. WHITE.

*To be Continued.*



## WHAT IS THE USE OF ART?

READ BEFORE THE CHICAGO ART ASSOCIATION

When Mr. Maratta came out into the dusty highway of traffic and contention and commanded me to this feast, he must have scripturally passed by "friends and kindred and rich neighbors," for he was fully informed of my lameness and blindness and haltness in the world beautiful where he walks so erect, so firm of foot, and sees with so true an eye. He generously let me suppose it would not be considered a disqualification not to know more of this technical body of learning than those do who have spent their lives in mastering its details and verifying its canons.

The curious fact that one assuming to belong to one of the learned professions lacks authoritative familiarity with any phase or feature of the fine arts may be appreciated more than the demonstration of it which is to follow.

As the creation on the canvas is neither something wholly new, since its verity to what already is is one test of its excellence, nor yet simply an attempt to copy, since then the camera would be the consummation of art, but rather an investiture of cold, earthy things with the glow and warmth of the artist's mind and heart, and therefore in some sort an interpretation of himself and his point of view rather than a reproduction of what all eyes see; so I venture art and its objects and subjects each have to each of us a different meaning and sustain to each of us a relation not the same as that which it sustains to others. A clear-sighted thinker pronounces literary style to be

the physiognomy of the mind, and a better index of character than the face.

Whether this be true or not of language, the expression of thought, it seems clearly true in the refined arts, the expression of feeling. The glimpse of insight by which the rapt master of the brush or chisel fascinates and holds you in a high congenial fellowship is intimately personal. It is spiritual communion. It mirrors his very soul.

There is, of course, a prismatic play with rays, but there are those who reverently stand in their art as in a sacred place, uncovered in a clear shaft of light.

The elegy of Gray is the diary of a lover of the purity and peace and ethereal charms of nature. But "*le père Corot*," not a less but a greater poet, not in one only, but in a universal language, mirrored a sympathy no less reverent and loving and an alertness no less keen to her every delicate mood and change of light.

Probably the voluminous *Paradise* has not given a truer glimpse of the great Puritan than the walls of San Marco have of the great Fra.

The painter's own personality is his genuine "*remarque*," a very fraction of himself. We feel his "*real presence*." This much of art is self-expression.

Some of us, of course, are like the young man of old, "*dumb from our youth up*," with no Master to touch us with the gift of expression, while another has, with full soul, in an ecstasy of loving labor upon cold stone, wrought the miracle of creation, and breathed into his loved creature his living soul.

If it opens the eye to things of beauty, art has a use personal to each. Which of you has not had his horizon widened and his picture of the world finished with infinite touch and detail of beauty and his days gladdened by having his attention called to things beautiful—whether it was in early youth some artistic soul, his sister, or somebody's sister, showed him the beauty of the numberless flowers of the prairies or the woods, the crimson honeysuckle waving with the prairie lilies, the slope of flossy Indian feather, or the pink bed of prairie-pointers, or the glen of columbine swinging with smooth, slender arms their chased incensories of hammered red gold, admired with him the patches of cheering springtime blood-root, or the yellow sloughs of cowslips, gulches of molten gold, taught him the names of all these, and wondered with him at their touches of color, or pointed out the beauty of the whole picture together, of all the flowers, waving with the tossed billows of wild grass, with the peaceful blue and variously illumined clouds floating over it all in undulations of shine and shade; or whose world has not been made peculiarly attractive and interesting by having some particular landscape, or shore, or hillside, or outlook—the favorite shore, or hillside, or outlook of his mother, or some friend—so that the world holds him by a closer, almost personal charm, as a part of her personality.

Now is not this true in quite a large way, that he whose eyes are opened thus to particular points of charm will never again close them to any glimpse of light or color, shine or shade, wave or cloud, and that his life is by every such inspiration or enjoyment permanently enriched? The capability of this enjoyment seems to be shared by all. If in some it has been neglected, if color-blindness to these things has been induced by total disregard of them, from isolation within the dingy walls and dusty atmosphere of cities, or if where beauty most abounds brutal toil has shriveled up all other faculties except physical endurance, then the abnormal crippled creature who is thus robbed of a large fraction of joy which he is entitled to, would be greatly benefited by having those unused faculties brought into action and nurtured again into use.

That devoted mother and sea-captain's wife, on the Maine coast, whose baby had a shriveled leg, and who, with a devotion and constancy which only a mother could bestow, manipulated day after day that little withered member, finally brought it into such use that, although Sargent S. Prentiss remained a cripple, he could stand erect and command logic, fact, illustration, and imagery, in a sweeping passion of enthusiasm matched by few.

The cultivation of art will not make artists of all; but the born artist among the people by appropriate attention to this branch finds his place, and the one devoid of taste becomes by its pursuit more nearly normal, and so is helped to command his resources. If the pursuit of these studies brought no other benefit than to open the eyes of all to their new joys, it is abundantly worth while.

Grace and feature are in intimate alliance with utility. Since structures must have some shape, it only remains to see that they give the impression of appropriateness, strength, and grace, instead of deformity, unfitness, and shrieking absurdity. Every wall and ceiling must have some color. Shall it be the right color, aptly fitted to location and surroundings so as to gratify just taste or otherwise? Ornamentation seems to be an inclination as natural as the blossoms are in nature's productions, as natural as construction itself. Everything is given a turn of shape, or traced with lines, or cut with figures, or lighted up with colors more or less fantastically, not contributing to actual use, from the totem pole to the cathedral dome; from the beads that precede clothing to that highest product of the evolution of human adornment, the trouser, and the dress-coat; from the peace pipe to the meerscham; from the tomahawk to the plow.

Since then we seem unable to make without ornamenting, the latter is a part of the first and a part of us, and the question is simple, shall it be right or wrong, apt or ugly? How best to direct and stimulate progress here, is not this true art? How much a single object of art means! If it be true in every way, it becomes a touchstone, and measure, and base. That one true marble or canvas in each home

or school (the placing of which it ought to be an object of this Association to encourage) would become the inspiration and unit on which would be predicated the individual progress of each child that goes out from either. No home or school should be without its one object of true merit for this educational purpose, apart from its other values. No builder who has made one true object of art his own and a part of his life will thereafter build or ornament a building quite so badly, or thereafter offend to the same extent correct intuitions. By encouraging men and women to become their possessors we are engaged in a species of university extension of a doubly gratifying and useful kind. The supply will multiply demand. It seems a pity that eight hundred men, women, boys, and girls should be employed in a single establishment in this city, grinding out machine-made things which forty energetic superintendents of territories distribute everywhere, when objects of art, of real merit and educational use, and refined and refining joy are modestly immured in the dungeons of the Fine Arts Building, while their lovers are lured by chromos.

We are the gallant knights who are to release those maidens from captivity, and to hasten to advise their real admirers where their true brides are.

This Association has another reason for its existence: There is a particular need for right taste at this juncture and in this place. If we are not all in error this city is simply in its formative period. The structures that shall be permanent, and stand as the representative adornments and abodes and architectural entities which shall go to make up and constitute the permanent Chicago, are being builded. Is it of no concern whether their proportions, situations, lines, arches, and entire conception shall be symmetrical, gratifying to people of taste for coming generations, or hideous, ill-proportioned, out of harmony, permanent, unconcealable mistakes? Culture is the natural handmaiden of prosperity. Her suitors' gifts she more than matches, besides her moral 'uplift, which scorns comparison with material advantages. Men do not resort for pleasure, nor so frequently for business, to a ridiculous city. The bigness and business of a city will take men to it, but will not keep them there so long, or take them so often, as if other things contributed to the invitation—a continuing fascination. Paris is Paris, because those who make her what she is still emulate and study Rome, as the young oak searches with fibrous-roots the heart of its decaying parent.

Robert Collier, whom we all love so much, and who has made his life a part of Chicago, who delighted in his early life in the joys of construction in iron at the anvil and forge, used to tell of an old wrought iron gate in Scotland which it was his delight to revisit on each return to his old home. The strong arm which had bended and welded and hot-riveted its symmetrical parts into its gratifying proportions, and the just taste and orderly mind which had directed its

construction, lived anew before the eyes of this practiced worker in iron two hundred years after that brain had ceased to conceive and that strong arm had dropped the implements of construction.

This youngest of the Cities has established here the seat of her inexhaustible dowry, a fertile continent of virgin sod fallow till now, enriched by the ungathered harvests of a thousand centuries. The resources that pour in upon her she cannot hide nor bestow. Her very butcher knives point her to a manifest destiny beyond mere pig-sticking. The present generation will probably decide whether this central city of America shall be a congeries of exaggerated dry-goods boxes of assorted and contrasting sizes, from broad and squat to narrow and attenuated, or rise into a harmonious assemblage of substantial, individuate, architectural entities in expression of a stalwart civic vigor in the command of ripe discernment; or whether in a consummation of commercialism we shall transform the lake front into shipping docks, the equivalent of the farmer's front yard sty, or connecting Lincoln and Jackson Parks by a stately tree-lined boulevard along the shallow bank a mile or so from shore, carve out a bay where the electric rivals of the gondola may safely ply and interplay, and where the people from the inland cities shall resort to breathe the wave-fanned air, and luxuriate along these shores among ample and gratifying parks and structures and libraries and universities and statues and trophies of our civic and military heroes, and treasuries of the adornments and amenities of this new center of civic activity and bosom of arts on the borders of this new Mediterranean.

These new things concern us. Shall we worship things old merely because they are old?

The old Dutch were indeed masters. They so impressed the world with their personality and national sentiment that many a work of doubtful merit has found forgiveness of unpardonable frailties because the subject of it was a dyke, or a willow cradle, or wore wooden shoes. Our very walls leer and grin at our innocence; and even a piece of our imported park statuary cut and ran from the lake front to keep from snickering right out at himself and our paper jubilee arches. Let us be ourselves, and try to understand and recognize our own great men and women and their work. A great banker when requested to make a loan to one not a customer, replied, "We do not take the meat of babes and feed it to the dogs." It is hoped Americans, instead of bringing from abroad evidences of their innocence in art, or business, or both, are at last industriously searching out the real things—the marble and canvases and frescoes right here at home which all will sooner or later hasten to honor.

The one who goes out into the fields and busy places, and who cannot quite see the joke when virtue is laughed at, nor quite make up his mind to put on conventional reverence for things that are all

dead but pushing over, who takes in his own the bruised palm that is doing the real work of the world and says, "Come, now, beauty is not for a few, but for all, and not in one place, but everywhere, and we are in the very midst of it and a part of it," and helps all to see and hear is not usually recognized as a great bringer of tidings. When it was too late, they gathered around with gaping wonder at what Murillo and Millais had done, and bid high for the garments whose hem they had despised to touch. Our Healys, Earls, and Potters and McNeills receive in exile from other hands the recognition which would be more gratefully appreciated if received at home from their own townsmen.

There is enlargement of life in the fine arts, without which life is incomplete. They are a part of national life, and fairly express national progress. In them we read a nation's radiant, patriotic hope, or the plaint of her decline. In the fine arts her ideals securely abide. In them her real history is embodied in enduring permanence.

WALLACE HECKMAN.